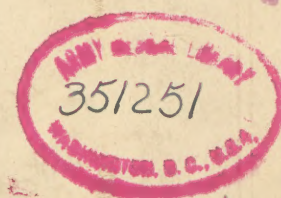


The OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19 OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA
PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE SURGEON GENERAL OF THE ARMY

Vol. IV No. 1



Atta Boy !

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V.4

1919

What's Going to Happen to the Army?

Army men in particular are interested in Congress now, because Congress must soon decide when the emergency army is to be demobilized.

Through its Washington Correspondent the Asheville Citizen is able to tell you what Congress is doing. And the Citizen gets the news to you within a few hours after Congress has acted.

Tell the Canteen Clerk that you want your Citizen every morning.

THE ASHEVILLE CITIZEN

YOUR NEWSPAPER

ON SALE EVERY MORNING AT THE CANTEEN

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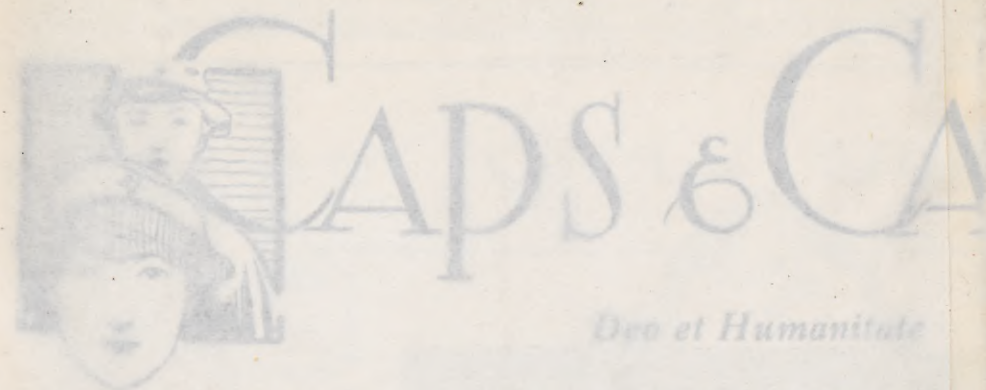
E. J. GRISET
Manager



P R I V A T E
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SPECIAL RATES TO SOLDIERS



NEWS FROM BARRACKS NO. 4

the nurse of Quarters No. 4, and
grateful to you of Quarters No. 4
your kindly patience in answering
us in the telephone. It requires a
considerable amount of the virtue

BAD ACTORS

Time—11:30 p. m. (or time of release)

Place—Back Porch of Nurses' Quarters

Characters—Schwin, Rust, Rocky, and Daniels.

OUR WARD SURGEONS

This is U. S. A. General Hospital No. 19. Whenever one hears the expression "Army Hospital," his mind pictures buildings filled with beds and patients clad in bathrobes, with here and there the red, white and blue of an Army nurse. These are the most striking features of the picture to the observer, whether he be civilian or soldier, for the phrase, "Army Hospital" prepares him to receive the soldiers in the picture, the men in O.D., as a matter of course. He is inclined to overlook the ward staff which wears O.D. and is therefore an accepted part of the hospital equipment, but most of all is he in danger of missing the quiet man who is usually busy, hidden in his office, the ward surgeon. Were it said that this man is the main spring of the ward, he would immediately take exception, for in an organization as complete as ours, requiring so many clear thinking, hard working people, such could never be the case.

He is the undisputed pendulum, however. Occupying the position of doctor and lawyer, of father and friend, his influence is felt more keenly than that of almost any other individual in the hospital system. There are times when his doctor-orders are completely disobeyed, yet he remains the doctor, ever concerned in the speedy recovery of his patients. When it becomes necessary to the role of lawyer, the same concern for his patients, coupled with the price of organization, governs the disciplinary measures. Deeply engrossed with the many problems to solve, he quickly casts them aside to give fatherly advice to any of his

boys seeking it. Many are the men to whom he has been godfather. Here again his sincere interest and intimate knowledge have been huge factors in the decisions of the patients.

What's the matter with starting a limerick contest? We've always contended that poetry is a disease, whereas "limericking" is an art. So, here goes! One dollar a week for the best limerick submitted weekly. We'll print every one that has an ounce of worth. So, officers, aides, nurses, patients, men, every one, heave ho! Get your pen—puzzle a bit—then slip one over on your best friend, worst enemy, the mess, booze, anything! We've scattered a few samples through this issue!

From many angles Oteen is as "pepless" a hostelry as can be found on Southern soil, so one of our contributors contends. We say no—and the limericks will prove he's dead wrong.

What say? Send 'em in to the Limerick Editor—Oteen office.



There is a fifth virtue. Cowardice, selfishness, stinginess and bragging—those are the four vices of the soldier as the soldier himself decided by plebiscite a time ago.

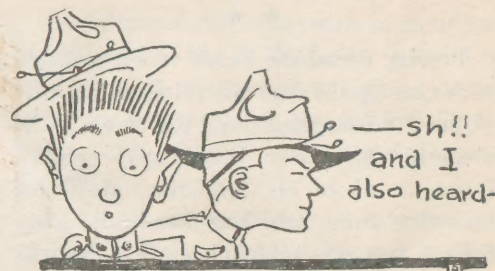
There remains to be added the fifth virtue—that of *patience*. It holds good any old time. It has made the most competent K.P.'s, the best generals, it cannot but make the surest cure—and a happier enlisted man that's waiting on his toes to get back to the homelands.

It took patience, so all the stories go, for

those "birds" to save themselves when caught in the shell-holes, sometimes it required days of waiting before they were able to effect their liberation. It takes as fine a kind of patience these days to wait for the train—and a whole sight harder kind to practice.

Many parents, brothers, sisters and sweethearts are wondering what kinds of young men they will get back from the army. It is a sure bet that most of them will not be booze addicts, and most of them have been cured of any inclination to expose themselves to prevalent social dangers.

But there are three things which will be found pretty general among discharged soldiers. Most of them smoke cigarettes, most of them swear, and the majority of them will no doubt want to do bunk fatigue all the time. If they continue outdoor lives the first is not likely to injure them; considerable schooling will have to be employed to cure them of the second; and, as for the third, all discharged soldiers should far removed from anything resembling a bunk until they have learned that there's no bunk in the lives they now must lead.



With its issue of June 13, the Stars and Stripes, official organ of the A. E. F., became no more.

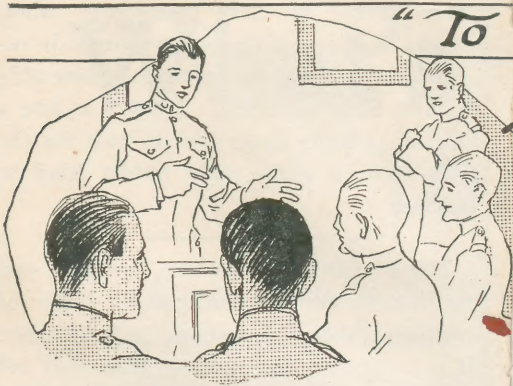
But the doughboy who served in France will long remember Stars and Stripes. And the memory will be a pleasant memory.

Stars and Stripes never uttered a greater truth than when, in its last issue, it said editorially:

"Nobody under God's great, tranquil skies can tell of the rottenness of war but the men who suffered through it.

"Upon them rests a solemn duty. They must go home and choke the coward jingo who masks himself behind his false and blatant patriotism, and the merchant-politician, not content with stuffing his home coffers till they burst—but anxious to barter the blood of his country's young manhood for new places in the sun!"

Let those who are always shouting for war step up in front. Let's call the roll and see how many of them ever shouldered a gun.



BLESS BRO. BERRY AND HIS BAND

Some kind inspiration brought the *Berry Band* to us from Asheville last Friday morning. Playing out under the trees near the infirmary wards, they set out feet a-tapping and our hearts a-singing. They spread a contagion of happiness through the wards. Overseas nurses tangoed up and down the porches of I-1, and in the men's wards bed patients sat up, a light in their eyes, while the lucky possessors of a suit of clothes went out and followed the music, like the children of Hamelin when the Pied Piper came along.

★ ★

Private Fortunato Rotell is not satisfied with chasing the cure according to the rules of the ward surgeon. And the reason is, he dreamed for three consecutive nights. Ceres, to whom his forefathers dedicated their first fruits, told him that in the pines there is a gaseous balsam healing to the delicate tissues of the lungs and, further, she pointed out how this could be extracted. Now Fortunato has tapped every pine near Ward E-2 and, with rubber tubes, tin pipes and other devices, has commenced to put into practice his dream. His dreams of success are encouraged by the fact that professors at Leland Stanford are working on the same theory at this time, but it is possible, in a more scientific manner than Rotell.

★ ★

Ward E-2 can boast of the only bantam chicken farm on this reservation. Private Joseph Miller is owner of the farm but, so far, he has only six chickens and these he purchased at Oteen prices from neighboring farmers.

★ ★

FOR SALE—At rock-bottom prices, 250 shaving mugs. Interested parties may inquire at the Nurses' mess hall. *Note*—if no purchaser can be found we shall have to drink our morning coffee from said mugs until we get out of this man's army.

Going to Happen the Army?

are interested in Congress now, because Con-
the emergency army is to be demobilized.

Correspondent the *Asheville Citizen* is able to
And the *Citizen* gets the news to you within
acted.

that you want your *Citizen* every morning.

There was a gay creature named Bundy,
Working feast days and fast days and Sun-
day.

What's the cause of this strife?

Sh! the dear fellow's wife!

Gospel truth—you can ask Mrs. Grundy.

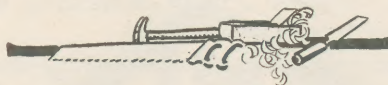
★ ★

Deep discussion in W-3. Question,
"Would an R. A. make a good wife?"

Answers:

1st Patient—"Yes; because she can make
everything. She could entirely furnish the
house."

2nd Patient—"Never! She knows how
to make the men do all the work."



The enthusiastic R. A. takes her toy
snake to a colored ward and causes a va-
riety of agitation. One fellow was so
amazingly eager to keep his distance that
he had to spare his feelings by pocketing
the realistic little wooden toy. Unable to
control his curiosity, he inquired where the
snake was. When reassured that it was safe
in the Aides' pocket, he replied, "Yo' bet-
ter take that thing right home wid yo', an'
doin' you bring it back here no mo'. Yo'
'member Eve? Well, it was one of them
things dat go her into trouble."

★ ★

Breakfast at seven; roll call at eight; in-
spection, personal, at eight-thirty; inspec-
tion of rooms thereafter; Oteen material due
at nine; all conspire to make Saturday morn-
ing the climax of a hectic week. But, Oh!
you Saturday afternoon!

tions were distributed as follows: 65 Al-
phas; 7 point; 5 Army Performance; and 1
Stanford-Binet.

It is not generally realized to what mag-
nitude the Reconstruction Apiary has at-
tained. In numbers there are 30 hives
with all paraphernalia for scientific bee
keeping. Experiments in dividing colo-
nies, housing swarms, and preventing
thus increasing the colony have been suc-
cessfully conducted.

One of the wards has adopted a hive to
have it under control at all times. Any
ward so desiring may get a pet bee hive if
practicable.

A little familiarity with bees will con-
vince any one of this interesting and prof-
itable occupation. The income from a hive
of bees is greater than that from an acre
of land.

The Aides, having been specially cau-
tioned while in the employ of Uncle Sam
to watch their step (thereby upholding the
dignity of the Department), would greatly
appreciate having their task made easier by
the removal of various roots and pegs in
the patch between the barracks and mess
hall.

★ ★

With her gold stripe and divisional in-
signia, our new Overseas Aide, Miss Mer-
ritt, attracts many envious glances from
those of us who got as far as the boat twice,
and then received our backwoods orders.

★ ★

Aides are contracting to make jam of all
the blackberries handed to them. Get busy,
boys!

CAPS & CAPE

Deo et Humanitate

NEWS FROM BARRACKS NO. 4 .

We, the nurses of Quarters No. 4, are indeed grateful to you of Quarters No. 3, for your kindly patience in answering and calling us to the telephone. It requires a considerable amount of the virtue mentioned, we admit.

Popular Pearl is spending a month in New York and even Ikey misses her.

Beckie's Mandolin and Lyre are back numbers. She now has a Saxo(n) phone.

Wanted for Quarters No. 4—sleeping porch, water cooler, shower-bath and telephone.

Why were all the nurses wearing fancy lingerie on Monday, July 15th?

I wonder if some one from West Asheville saw "Our Darling" in Hendersonville, July 4th, 1919?

Dear Marion:

Some nurse has been married since you were discharged. She was married on the 3rd of July, I heard of it on the 4th. A few days later she wore a white serge skirt and, still later, was a blonde and wore a sailor hat. If you can think who it might be please write me, as the A. N. C. detective service is no longer active since you left.

You ought to have been here to see the Detachment boys give a show. The he-lady show girls were really a scream. One had a tattooed arm; the Persian Pearl came on in a pair of Billie Burke pyjamas, with about ten yards of mosquito netting around his neck; Fatima was just like Spearmint—full of wrigleys — but her (?) feet were awfully big!

The knees of the chorus were all right, but the arms would be nicer in a nice, civilian sport shirt, sitting in the shade.

Hope that is where you are. Lots of love.

HELEN.

++

Glad to see you back again Hawley, but why do you smile so broadly since your return?

BAD ACTORS

Time—11:30 p. m. (or time of relaxation).

Place—Back Porch of Nurses Quarters No .3.

Characters—Schwin, Rust, Rooke, Mac and Daniels.

Rust—Now girls the Guard will be here again if you make so much noise and, besides, I have a head—

Rooke—Oh, Rust, *you make*—(the rest not for publication).

Schwin—How can I ever pray with all this noise—Our Father—(voice from within—sounds like a Supervisor). Is that Schwin again?

Mac: Phew—(snoring!!!)

Daniels—I am the only quiet one—Oh! *There comes the guard!*

(Out of the darkness comes an officer and a Nurse (disappointment reigns.) "Shaw, let's go horseback riding?" (All jump up and down on their cool, springy beds.)

Ruste—Gee, 12:30!

Daniels sound Taps. Curtain.

Act II—6:30 (next morning).

Sleepy chorus—"Oh, for a millionaire husband so we wouldn't have to get up in the morning!"

BITS OF GOSSIP PICKED UP HERE AND AND THERE

"I passed O.K."

"He is the sweetest, etc."

"I must have a pass—I don't care to meet the Colonel that way. I will have one more chance."

"Yes, Brownie, I will bring the Prayer Book, and"

"I do enjoy old maids' picnics."

"The food proposition is some proposition. Hump, it looks like it's all proposition and no food."

++

Miss Agnes Lyall, who comes to us under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A., is to fill a long felt need at Oteen, insomuch as she is to be the hostess at the Nurses' Red Cross house, where she will make her headquarters.

In France, where she was for nine months in charge of the Hospital Recreation Hut Bureau, Miss Lyall says the Y. W. C. A. provided secretaries for the nurses' clubs, which the Red Cross had established at various bases, and, it is because the plan worked so well overseas, that the Army has now asked the Y. W. C. A. to send out secretaries to the hospitals in this country.

Miss Lyall has come here to serve the nurses (and, of course, the aides) in any way she can, and invites suggestions, ideas of any kind or a happy thought that will help to pass off the duty hours pleasantly.

Tea, either iced or hot, is served in the Red Cross house every afternoon between the hours of four and five o'clock, and all nurses or aides off duty are invited to come and bring a friend along. Moving pictures will be given on Monday evenings between eight and nine o'clock, and will be followed by an impromptu and informal dance. Other plans will be developed from time to time, and we hope, in the near future, to put on something in dramatics that will outshine everything attempted on the Post to date.





1ST LT. GEO. A. BISSONNETTE, S.C., U.S.A.
Detachment Commander



B



The tennis court is now waiting for the back stops to be put in. As soon as they are installed the net, balls and rackets will be forthcoming.

Who said picnic? If nothing happens another of those most pleasant outings will be announced for the coming week. A class of the First Baptist young ladies of Asheville are planning to be our hostesses.

A hay ride has been suggested as a pleasant outing for the near future. Are you in on it?

Mr. Coburn, of the War Camp Community Service, promises to be with us at the "Y" hut regularly on Tuesday nights. He is a jamb-up good song leader, and the boys are taking to it like a fish to water. The Asheville ladies are responding nobly too and add pleasure at the social hour following.

A new Victrola is promised the "Y" at an early date. The old one is all right, but stays on sick call too much.

A surprise soldier-talent program is on the stove cooking.

Boys W. C. C. S. has a new meaning: "We Control Critical Situations." When anything goes wrong while you are in town better see Mrs. Burns or Mr. Barton. They are never happier than when they are helping some soldier get his business out of a "jamb."

New rail coverings for three tables, one bed covering and two sets for pockets have been ordered for the "Y" pool tables. A week or so should see them in good condition again.

Two Oteen men are carrying black eyes. No, 'twasn't a fight! They just wanted to look at a baseball at close range. Both admit that they are not anxious to repeat the stunt.

Little Joe (Zero) says he could put on some good voley-ball games these warm evenings if he could get a half-dozen other men as good as he is.

Wanted: Car fare for two from Weaver-ville before the picnic next week. T. E. J.

The men who scored such a decided success in the musical comedy, "The Gaiety Girls' Gallop," were the guests of the Red Cross at a picnic given on the Biltmore Estate on the evening of the full moon.

Each man had his girl and the first stop was made at the dairy for ice cream about five o'clock. After riding and strolling around the grounds, supper was served on the Island, with the French Broad river on one side and the Lagoon with its wonderful reflection on the other. Such a perfect setting gave added flavor to the fried chicken, sandwiches, stuffed eggs, cakes and lemonade, etc., that kept everybody busy for some time.

Later, after a good smoke—and other things—the songs of the show were sung with, if possible, even more success than ever before. The girls joined in and nothing short of a watermelon cutting would have made anybody—even the chaperones—willing to break up the party.

The long, cool ride home in the moonlight made a fitting end for a perfect party.

♦ ♦

The Red Cross grove was beautiful on Thursday evening with colored lights gleaming in the trees and gayly decorated tables scattered here and there for cards and refreshments. The house itself was quite gay with decorations for the dance given by the Officer Patients.

The guests enjoyed thoroughly the special features of the evening, and the favors added greatly to the fun. The carnations given each lady made a pretty touch of color, and the varied refreshments gave everybody a chance to make his own choice. It is one of the dances that everybody will remember.

♦ ♦

Mrs. Buckner is one the busiest ladies of Asheville, but always has time to help plan entertainments for Oteen men. Many a pleasant hour is made possible as a result of her untiring efforts.

We are very pleased to announce the recent installation of a punching bag in the building. "Come around and get in trim!"

★ ★

The Tuesday night dance was very popular regardless of the intense heat the past week. Several 16-inch oscillating fans have been shipped to us so the dance floor will soon be a cool place of diversion.

★ ★

We were honored with a visit the past week from Mr. O. C. Hill of the Department Director's office in Savannah.

★ ★

The pool tournament is still in progress and we regret that we cannot publish the winners of the contest in this issue. "Patty" Donovan, well-known to us all, was playing at a fair aveage when he was summoned home because of death in the family.

★ ★

Secretary Tierman is supplying at General Hospital No. 12 owing to the illness of Secretary Hemming, who is in charge at that hospital.

★ ★

The tea dance will take place this afternoon as usual from five until eight p. m. A cold punch and a light dainty refreshment will be served in a sanitary manner to everybody attending this party, which is a weekly occasion every Saturday, chaperoned by Mrs. O. C. Hamilton.

★ ★

We have received some very "nifty" khaki handkerchiefs which are compliments of the K. of C. If you haven't been given one, don't hesitate to ask the secretary for one.

★ ★

Don't forget that we have tennis equipment, and hope to have the necessary clubs, e'c., for you to take advantage of the new four-hole golf course recently rolled out next to our splendid baseball diamond. "Who can suggest a sport that we haven't got at Oteen?"



59 MILES OF MEDAL RIBBON

The first order for the new victory service ribbon has been placed by the Quartermaster Corps. The order is for 105,000 yards, or more than fifty-nine miles of ribbon. It is expected that delivery will start within the next three weeks. The ribbon was authorized by the War Department pending the issuing of the victory medal.

The ribbon, which is made of all the allied colors, blending from a deep purple through the shades of blue and yellow into a deep red, may be worn by any officer or enlisted man who served in the army at any time between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, and whose "service was honorable."

LOVELY LUCY

With lovely Lucy in my lap—
She weighs two hundred pounds by hap—
I'm spellbound, dazed—I cannot move.
Tell me, my heart, if this be love!

Nay, nay—dear friend—this is not love,
How can your heart go pit-a-pat?
No man can love as *much* as that
Nor when he's sat upon like that.

HOW TO LOSE YOUR FRIENDS

Lend them money.
Tell them their faults.
Show them they're in the wrong.
Beat them in an argument.
Think of something before they do.
Do something they should have done.
Do something better than they do.
Know more than they do.
Become more popular than they are.
Ask them for a favor.
Show a special interest in their friends.
Return to them good for evil. —Ex.

He is a man of many debts,
And he has many ills;
The only exercise he gets
Is when he runs up bills.

Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

WHAT EVERY SOLDIER OUGHT TO KNOW

Migratory birds are allowed to pass over the border line between Canada and the U. S.

Practically everything printed in the Government printing office reads from left to right.

Constitution of the U. S. prohibits the bestowal of all titles of nobility except that of K. P.

Iodine boils at 140 degrees Reaumur. There is no record as to when the patient boils.

Parades are held in summer because most people have their hands in their pockets in the winter season.

The New York State Drug Addict law does not prohibit ukeleles.

Eight hours is considered a day's work in New Jersey.

Stamps are made sticky only on one side so that the printers will have some work to do.

The earth has 140,295,000 squares miles of water. (Note: These measurements were taken before July 1, 1919.)

Sauteed calves' liver remains in the stomach two hours and thirty minutes.—Ex.

THOSE POOR OVERWORKED K P s !



WHY I'M HERE

I'm not here because I'm pretty,
I'm not here because I'm witty,
I'm not here because they've got my life insured.

But the doctors keep on pounding,
And they listen to the sounding,
So they'll keep me here until they know I'm cured.

I'm not here because they love me,
Like the angels high above me;
I'm the worst old pest they ever have endured.

And it makes the surgeon shiver
When he listens to my liver,
So they'll keep me here until they know I'm cured.

So I guess I'll quit my crabbin',
And I'd better go to grabbin'
About everything there is to be secured.
I'll be pretty darn well treated,
When the fixin's all completed,
So I guess I'll stick around here 'till I'm cured.
"Open Window."

HE SURE DESERVED THE BARS

A colored aspirant for a commission was being examined.

"And supposing you were in command of a regiment on the field of battle and, in some manner, your men should be scattered over a territory of several miles. How would you collect them?"

"Well, suh," answered the prospective, as he scratched his head, "I think I'd take out a paih ob dice and hollah, 'Who's goin' to fade dishyere one dollar bill?'—Trench and Camp.

He is a man of many debts,
But if you ever chance to mention,
How to make kale without much work—
He'll pay—for once—he'll pay attention.

READING ROOM OF THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION AT GEN. HOSPITAL No. 19



The American Library Association works in splendid co-operation with the Red Cross House. Their work is done so quietly that it is possible not everybody knows how entirely successful it is. But the men show their appreciation by their constant use of the books and the room. One notable feature is the almost entire absence of red tape.

BEER AND DISCHARGES

August 1st will, in all probabilities, be a momentous day for many around these diggings. Secretary of War Baker opines that, with the effort being shown, demobilization will be complete on or around that date. With that effective Brer' Wilson will declare demobilization complete thereby giving us back our beer, etc., until January 16th, 1920. This is nothing official, merely the deductions of The Oteen. If it proves true to form we'll be blessed, as we were regarding the Dempsey-Willard tussle. If we hit the wrong peg—then we'll be damned.

MAY WEAR UNIFORM INDEFINITELY

Au'hority exists under Act of Congress whereby discharged soldiers, sailors and marines may wear thier uniforms after discharge for an indefinite time, providing the red discharge stripe appears on the left sleeve to prove discharge.

This applies to enlisted and commissioned forces.

THE SHIRKER

By STONE MASON.

There is a boob in our platoon, who's lazy as a sick baboon and, though his chores he'll always shake, he's sure as cash to belly-ache, the minute things go wrong. He takes no interest in his job, and yet I've seen the pesky slob pick on some poor bird that's half his size, because he wasn't quite so wise as others in the throng. His clothes are always on the blink, yet when he talks you sure would think, he'd make a bum of Romeo, if he'd been there to play for Clo and lead her to the sink. Yet, when the bugle sounds for chow, this buzzard's always first somehow, with dirty mits and mussy mop, his slum he's always first to sop and then come back for more. When he's called to the pearly gates along with sundry other skates, the only way he'll be on time, to hear the bells of heaven chime, is for them to serve cakes.

A Post Exchange officer named Prees

Had an aversion to grease,

With his conscience he parted

And a restaurant started

Now the boys feel their waist-line increase!

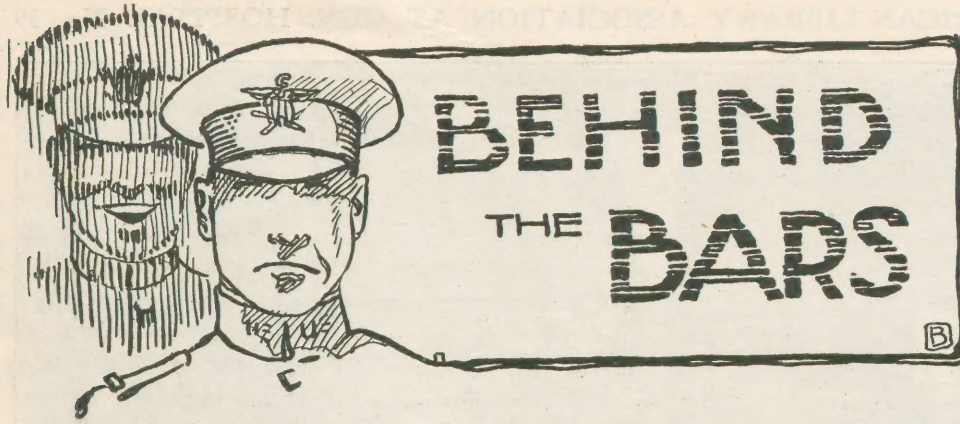
DON'T BE BUNKED—WE'LL PRINT IT

The War Department has issued an order warning those in service that solicitors for so-called publications of historical value are active in posts and camps. For a stipulated sum they will print your conquests in fields abroad—and they may be inclined to publish your picture. But the commander of the army says there is no value to their canvas, but it is a purely commercial "sell."

The Oteen is in the field, and we are anxious to print your war experiences free, if they hold merit. We'll print your photograph free of charge also.

POST EXCHANGE RESTAURANT

A high-class "gents'" restaurant is now operating under the supervision of Corp. Cribb on the front porch of the Post Exchange Building. It is open for business daily from 7 a. m. to seven p. m., excepting Sunday. Sundays from 7 a. m. until 12 noon. The restaurant is solely for enlisted men, both detachment and patient. Officers, nurses and reconstruction aides are excluded. A varied menu is offered at a minimum price.



The dance given by the officer patients at the Red Cross building Thursday night was a pleasing success. The committee in charge wishes to express their thanks to the ladies at the Red Cross for their wonderful help in making it the best evening we have had at Oteen.

★ ★

With Major McAdie back among us, the bridge boards may expect some hard usage. "Jav" Rogers, of chess fame, has also returned to the fold.

★ ★

Capt. Whitney returneth from the state of New York (otherwise known as the state of intoxication), and announces that the last week in June was *some week*. We imagine that the first week in July was *some weak!* Don't throw that lady, we ain't to blame.

★ ★

And now Capt. McLoughlin has taken up golf. The next thing we know Colonel Flannigan will be playing a ukelele, Colonel Kitts will take up parcheesa, Charlie Smith will write poetry and Shorty Bernay will give exhibitions in interpretative dancing.

★ ★

The food improves. Thanks, somebody!

★ ★

Visited the comfort (?) station at the Long-green hotel the other day and found a cute device on the various doors. Said device consists chiefly of a slot wherein nickels must be deposited before the portals open. Hope the bird in whose miserly mind the idea originated gets caught in there some day without a nickle in change!

★ ★

There was a young fellow named Scott,
Who purchased a house and a lot
Which makes people ponder and, also to wonder,
If she has consented or not.

NAMES IS NAMES

Mrs. Fillup is running a restaurant in Salisbury.

★ ★

There's a dashing Lt. named Murray
Who fell in love in a hurry;

Her bright auburn hair
Entranced him for fair,

Now how soon he'll be canned worries Murray.

★ ★

Dropped in to sponge a meal from Colonel Taylor the other night and found him pushing a lawn mower while Sergt. Radford offered advice from a shady spot near the porch. We vote the Colonel the regular fellow, even if he does tote a pair of trick dice he captured from some cross-eyed Boche prisoner. When it comes to playing rummy, however, the Colonel is sure—well, his rank saves him.

★ ★

"Lute" Persinger is still looking for a lady fair. For the love of Pete, some girl come to the rescue. The "Lute"—or General—as he is called in the ward, is a bed patient and cannot reach the avenue.

★ ★

Colonel Guignard will address the Literary Club at the Nurses' Red Cross Bldg. The Colonel will tell some of his experiences in France during the time he was stationed there as military attache. All officers are welcome.

★ ★

Now that the much shocked lady of Asheville has ceased firing at the dancers, we are waiting to see where the storm will break out next. Get busy reformers and give us another chance to explode your asinine assertions with another bomb of truth, as Sam Clark would say.

BILL VISITS THE P. E. RESTAURANT

Dere Maude:

'Tain't so often I am in a ritin mood these hot days, so yer lucky ter here frum me, believe me. It's so hot hereabouts the chickens are layin' hard-boiled eggs. I'm in a constant sweat and wish, dog-gone it, I'd enlisted for service in Alaska when I had the chance. A uniform is too much close during this hot weather—a bathin' suit would feel lots better. Don't suppose yer kin sympathize with me as you females don't wear nothin' much a tall, and that what yer do is near transparent. Oh, yes! I keep my eyes open. Wish yer could see some of the outfits down here; built fer comfort and the entertainment of the men. Summer-time does bring out the good points of a lot of folks. Ain't bin gettin' much of sleep here of late. Ate too much of this here green corn and went bathin' too long in the hot sun. I cain't sleep on my back 'cause that is sore from too much sun-burn, and I cain't lay on my stomach 'cause of too much green corn.

Was wanderin' around the Post the other day and chanced upon a nu institushun. It's a restaurant what the Post Exchange is runnin'. Went there to by a meal jest ter see what it wuz like and believe me it handed me a surprise it wuz so good. It's jest like one of them one-armed restaurants we have home where yer eat off the arm of a chair—I mean yer eat the food, not the arm of the chair—only here they ain't got these one-armed chairs. They got tables and a counter and yer kin by darned good eats fer little dough. Yer don't have ter tip nobody and officers ain't allowed. It has other good features, too. I'm a-thinkin' the mess-hall is goner git jest a little competition. I'm strong fer this Post Exchange eatin' house, and a-thinkin' that they'll git quite a few of my pennies. I looked thru the bill of fair ter-day and I didn't see beans on it anywhere, which takes it out of the run of the ordinary lunch rooms and mess-halls. Whoever put in this joint started a durned good idea, and maybe if the Post Exchange makes enuf money one of these days we'll be seein' Turkish Baths put in and carbaret shows. That would be swell if we had music with our meals.

My best regards ter yer like usual and, if my ambition holds out, I'll rite again. But if I does you'll no it ain't so hot like it were now. It's too much work in hot wether.

Yours all in,

BILL.

CREED OF THE DISABLED

Once more to be useful—to see pity in the eyes of my friends—replaced with commendation—to work, produce, provide, and to feel that I have a place in the world — seeking no favors and given none—a man among men in spite of this physical handicap.

AIN'T IT LIFE ALL OVER

The speedy reduction of the army, as ordered by Secretary Baker, will result in the discharge of 52,000 officers of temporary rank, and returning to pre-war rank of 10,000 more. Every general in the regular establishment will drop three points, lower ranks at least two points. Many of the lower ranking men will drop completely out of sight. Emergency 2nd "loots" and upper grade sergeants will be fortunate in qualifying as Lance Corporals.

The secretary doesn't say a great deal about the enlisted personnel—except that they've served their country well—and on their shoulders came the brunt of police-duty, etc., etc. Thank goodness the buck can't be reduced—except out! Here's hoping the G. O. sails in today and we sail out tomorrow.

The number of Aides has been decreased by the departure of two this week. Nancy Beyer has been transferred to U. S. General Hospital 24, Parkview, Pa. and Jessie Brown has received her discharge from the service. Miss Brown will return to her home in Columbus, Ohio for a short vacation before resuming her work as Director of Art at Otterbein College, Nesterville, Ohio.

LIFE

A psalmist once sat on the top of a mount and gazed at the wonders around; He pondered at length on the mystery of life—and here is the truth which he found,

"Six days did God labor to create the earth, and the heavens and all they contain, Then made man in His image to rule over all, and the Works of the Master acclaim."

Years, years without number, the cycle of time has turned since the scheme first began,

With wonders increasing, as centuries flit, to brighten the glory of man.

But man has grown mortal and oftentimes forgets, the things which He gave us to hold; Some waste all their energy seeking for fame—some barter their souls for mere gold.

The birds in the woodland, the fish in the sea, the mountains and valleys and plains, Are throbbing with life meaning far more, to me, than the trifles which money attains.

The kiss of my mother, the smile of my dad, or a grip from the hand of my pal, Chase Trouble and Care from the door of my home—and they land in some rich man's corral.

Are you getting your share of the life that is real—or does some mirage form your goal?

The man using bridges, of mortal desire, is continually paying out toll.

Why, there's Love all about you awaiting chance, to make it's way into your life;

Some open the portals for love to come in—some blockade the doorway with strife.

—Robert L. Murray, 1st Lt., Infantry.

SAM BROWN & CO.

Pvt. Sam Brown, of the 146th Infantry, stirred up his old home town of Gashville considerably by writing from France that he had fallen into a stone crusher and lost a leg, an arm, one ear, an eye and all his teeth, while his face was so badly scarred his friends would never recognize him.

About the time the Main Records Office might have been working over-time trying to furnish further details of this casualty, a later and more authentic report received in Gashville explained that the only disfigurement Pvt. Sam Brown had suffered while in service was a small black mustache.

The army as a whole seems to have declared an open season on kidding the home-town newspapers. Probably no particular harm was done in the case of Pvt. Sam Brown's own little joke, as it was commented that Sam was always known to be quite a kidder. But not all these stories are without a kickback. The army's first Enoch Arden has just been reported from some town in Pennsylvania, where a soldier, reported as dead in letters, returned to find his wife married to another.

Every hoax has in it the germ of a tragedy.

AFTER THE EMPTIES

"Any rags? And old iron?" chanted the dealer as he knocked at the suburban villa. The man of the house himself opened the door.

"No, go away," he snapped, irritably, "there is nothing for you. My wife is away."

The itinerant merchant hesitated a moment and then inquired, "Any old bottles?"

—S. & R. Reformer.

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?



The BATTLES of BRUNO

(Oteen's Own War Story)

By MAJOR DAMMSORE

(Synopsis of Previous Chapters.)

(It looks as if that poor fish hero of ours were going to fall in love again, and him engaged to Hertha and all. Sitting on the front stoop with a lovely lady who ain't wearing any expensive ring that you gave her is no way for a regular engaged feller to be spending his time, says the author of this novel who has his own ideas about what is wrong and what is right. Right is right, says he, and wrong is wrong, and you can't get away from that, no matter how hard you try. So if any reader has any new-fangled determination of subject lovers or anything of that sort, let him understand that he has no chance of getting away with them in this Oteen paper.

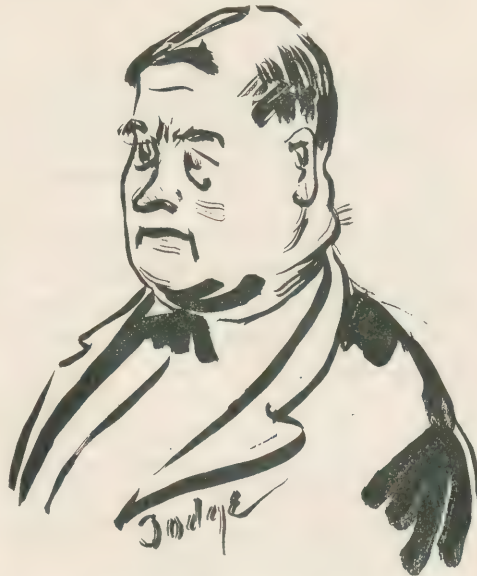
In case you feel that this is getting away from the subject of the Battles of Bruno, let us assure you that this sort of stuff is constantly being pulled by all first-class A1 authors. When one of these professionals gets into a hole he begins to write about morals, or freedom, or the relation of the sexes. It is really a sort of setting-up exercise for him, just vamping until he is ready to swing into the plot again, but it gets him a big rep with the rabble and gives him a chance to get a blurry photograph of himself taken, showing him hanging on to his forehead.

As a matter of fact we have decided to devote this chapter to the Honorable Hector Puffer, the father of Hertha, Bruno's huge fiancée. The Honorable Hector has been puffing around his magnificent estate ever since Bruno went away to find a canal to be a canal-boat captain on. We haven't forgotten him for one moment, even if some of you guys have, and as the Honorable is a very tremendous character indeed, we feel that it is high time that we consider him once more in all his glory.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Honorable Hector was putting on his shoes in the master's bed room of the magnificent Puffer estate, at Washville, N. C. This was no easy job for one so considerable of girth as the Honorable. It meant bending over and when you have as much to bend over as our portly friend has, you will find out for yourself that putting on shoes is nothing to be sneezed at.

But he was finally through, and came to an upright position on the side of his bed very purple in the face and thoroughly out of humor with the world in general. Then there was his collar. Several times the thought had occurred to the Honorable that it might be a good plan to buy larger-sized collars, but the thought that his neck might indeed be getting thicker was so obviously absurd that it was dismissed at once. As a result once the collar button had been fought into place contemplation of the collar's wearer would convince the most casual observer that an explosion was imminent.



THE HON. HECTOR PUFFER

So, panting slightly and perspiring freely, the Honorable Hector Puffer went downstairs to breakfast in a mood that would make a Sioux Indian mild as a Baptist missionary by comparison.

He snapped a good-morning at his wife in the manner of a top-sergeant lining up his company, and snatching up his morning paper disappeared behind it, inaudible saved for a few annoyed grunts as he digested the news. Finally he flung the paper down.

"Tommy-rot!" he roared.

"What is the matter, Hector," said Mrs. Puffer mildly.

"All this nonsense about reconstruction," bellowed Mr. Puffer, "makes me good and sick, that's what it does. Don't know what they are talking about, jackasses. Reconstruction, indeed. What do they know about reconstruction?" his voice rose to a shrill

yelp. Mrs. Puffer looked nervously across the quivering coffee cups at her spouse's enraged countenance.

"Now, Hector," she adjured, "don't excite yourself. You remember that last time you were so wrought up that you discharged three of your best clerks as soon as you got to the office."

"Of course, I did," screamed Hector. "Served 'em right. Ingrates. Block-heads. Wanted a raise in salary. Well' I gave 'em a raise all right. Raised 'em right out of the office, by Godfrey."

He brooded darkly over this before going on.

"Reconstruction! Idealistic twaddle, that's what I call it. No sir, we don't need no reconstruction and what's more we ain't going to have any. Not if I and men like me have got anything to say about it. But I'll tell you what we do need—" He paused to glare over at Mrs. Puffer, who immediately asked, "What do we need, Hector?" in a voice of wifely obedience.

"Bro'herly love," thundered Hector, "old-fashioned Christian kindness. The Golden Rule. Damn it all, be kind. That's what we ought to teach them. Yes, sir, if it takes machine-guns to do it. Ain't I kind?" Hector stopped again.

"Yes, indeed, Hector," said his wife hastily.

"You bet I am," went on the Honorable. "That's what has made me what I am. Old-fashioned kindness. Regard for other fellow's feelings. Charity. Our soldiers—whether they be those fine lads who have faced the guns of the vicious Hun—or those of the "Home Guard" who haven't seen beyond the shores of Hoboken—I tell you we can't do too much for them. You bet you can't have too much kindness and charity. What's the matter with this coffee, anyhow? It tastes like dishwater. Where's that fool butler? Tell him to tell the cook that if she dares to send coffee like this up to the table again I'll fire her before she can say 'Jack Robinson.'" He arose to step into the machine that was to take him to the train. In the hall he tripped over the big St. Bernard dog. "Kindness," shouted the Honorable, aiming a kick at the alarmed beast. And screaming "Kindness" he was gone.

(To be Continued.)



Often during these red hot summer days we wish we could take onto ourselves another form, transmigrate into a "houn' dog," for instance, and bask in the shade of some ash-can, or whatever it is that these free-lance purps hie themselves to, during the "dog-days" of summer. But we humans, who pride ourselves in having a higher mentality, we plod about earning our daily bread even though the heat makes "our bloomin' eyebrows crawl." Sometimes we question our high intelligence and think we're just plain "suckers" to sweat and fume, rather than revert back to our forebears—monkeys, or whatever it is they were—and swing from the trees by our tails. Life is short, and we're a long time dead, so why burden our small span of years with useless work and worry.

We honestly believe in this philosophy and, when our daily stint is through, we take ourselves out into the hills where a swimming hole nestles. It is a good sized pool, apologetically called a lake (hereabout, where the luxury of a plunge in it's cooling embrace causes us to forget the heat and other petty annoyances of a sizzling day. Gosh, we're getting sentimental at the thought of it. But it sure is a treat to get out there and forget ourselves and the drudgery of his old world. That's part of the fun of living? If we could make two lines rhyme we would write an ode to the dirty old lake, surrounded by the drooping willows and all that sort of stuff, but we are just plain ordinary and must satisfy ourselves by exclaiming a "gee, but it's great!"

So, we manage to get more fun out of these dog-goned uncomfortable days than one might suppose. Were we back home toggled out in a stiff white collar we'd perspire along with the rest without relief. But we're not and sort of thankful for it. As long as this hot weather lasts we're glad we're in the army, and we don't care who knows it!

DOIN'S OF OUR OWN WHITE WAY

See America Thirst.

★ ★

We note our Reconstruction Chorus boys were up to that Vanderbilt persons place, where they had a smoke—"and other things." What can they be up to now?

★ ★

Ain't the Army hell! Two of our conscientious "barred" birds of the post, with the Oteen staff as ballast, were perceived splashing and ducking at the swell Asheville School pool one day last week.

★ ★

Our Boss, Lt. White, is on a secret mission bent. Personally, we know, but we're going to keep a secret for once.

★ ★

Word comes to us over our direct Washington wire that we'll all be out by September 30th. Read next week's issue for full contradiction.

★ ★

We hope Mr. Hoagland, of Colorado Springs, Colo., is still one of our readers. This should remind him that just about a year ago this time he took possession of these diggin's as the first C. O.

★ ★

A Limerick Contest is on by this Journal. Paddy L. Donovan should win in a walk—'cause Limerick is his middle name.

★ ★

102 degrees here in the highlands—must be hell in the lowlands—and New York!

★ ★

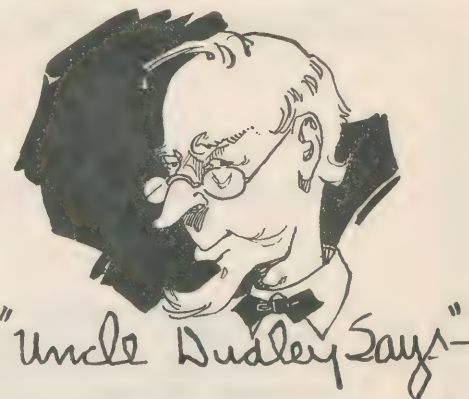
We're wondering what a month will do to this man's Post. It might be that old men in the service will be heirings—and some of us will have only the glories of yesterday to look back upon. In other words, when Papa Baker begins pruning it will be the survival of the fittest—and but derved few of them!

★ ★

Echo from the Kenilworth Hill—"We're mad at you."

OUR D. C. ON A VACATION

Lt. Bissonnette leaves today for Fort Slocum, New York, where he will remain seven days gaining points on the question of recruiting, to which office he has been appointed for this Post. Our fond hopes are with the lieutenant naturally, yet we opine he'll find recruiting as much on the hop here as open high-ball drinking is practiced in the Patton Avenue "squirt" shops.



"Now thet th' First is past, th' big fist fest o' th' yellow beef trust over, en Woody back t' hum agin, we kin xpect th' kentry t' settle down t' enjoy th' fruits o' peace."

★ ★

"Howsomever what fruits we hev partook of so fur must hev been most goldurned green. Leastways it hez giv th' pollytishuns a powerful bad dose o' verbal dye-a-reer en congress a gee-wallopin' bad mess o' cramps."

★ ★

"Them there fellers what invented thet air Leeg o' Notions sure made a powr'ful bad blunder. Ef they hed only put int' it a law what xtracted frum publick life two fellers—th' News Senseless en th' Autykrat o' Publick Utilities—th' Leeg would pass with a whoop by unanymus vote."

★ ★

"Looks ef tho' th' supply o' brass is goin' t' be most powr'fully increased soon. Yep! 'Bout \$'teen thousand shavetails is goin' t' hev t' scrap there cute little bars afore September 30—en thet ain't th' only sort o' brass thet will be turned loose on th' folks t' hum. They hev plenty o' th' tother kind, too."

★ ★

"Went t' th' movies last nite en when I got back t' hum I hed t' run my clothes thru a wringer t' git th' sweat outen 'em. Ef sweat baths is good fer what ails us, we shore air a-goin' t' git well quick!"

★ ★

"Howsomever, yer Ole Uncle Dudley can't keep frum pinin' fer a chanst t' take big movies out in th' open. Bring on thet air Open Air Theatre, sez I!"

OH, YOU KHAKI

Mistress (to new maid)—"I want you to understand that your new master is a captain."

Maid—"Oh, that's all right—I just adore soldiers."—Ex.

The Observer

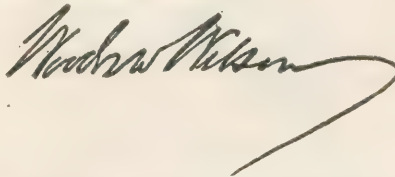
THE BIG CHIEF SENDS GREETING TO SOLDIERS

*The White House, Washington,
July 4th, 1919.*

"If it were possible, I should welcome the opportunity to speak to each of you who, by service in the great war, earned the right to government insurance, and urge the wisdom of continuing this unusual protection to your dependents and yourselves.

"The government will transform your policies, in whole or in part, from term insurance, arranged as a war measure, to such permanent forms as you may desire, and I urge your acceptance of the permanent protection which the generous terms of these policies afford.

"You have an exclusive right to this insurance because you served your country in its great crisis, and I am sure that in the years to come you will consider your government insurance policy as a physical reminder that in the war with Germany you wore the uniform of your country."



WAR-TIME ARMY OUT BY SEPTEMBER 30TH

General orders have been issued by Secretary of War Baker to all military commanders in the United States to complete the task of demobilization of all emergency officers in the army and get down to a peace time strength of 225,000 men by September 30th. This order has been received at this Post, and in anticipation the outflow will soon start. It is anticipated new legislation will be enacted to allow for the proper functioning of hospitals under army jurisdiction—and allowing men for the manning of these. Oteen will need commissioned personnel equally as much after as before September 30th, and retention of many of our staff is hoped for.

One of the umpires in the National League is a stickler for deportment. In a game in which he once officiated at the Polo grounds, as Chief Meyers, Indian catcher for New York, came to bat, certain of the Boston players began to guy the brawny red man. In an instant the umpire had left his place behind the catcher and was running toward the visitors' bench.

"Cut out them personalities."

As he turned away a high-pitched voice filtered out from the grandstand behind, saying: "Cut out them grammar."

LAUGH AND LET LAUGH!

(By BENJAMIN DE CASSERES)

To'al abstinence makes the thirst grow fonder!

It is easier to save Russia than to shave her.

Jealously is the insomnia of the heart.

Whiskies are short and beer is fleeting.

Little Boy Blue Law is bowing his horn.

Into the Valley of Debt rode the 110,-000,000.

Are there no game laws in Carolina?

Our slogan: Eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep and eight hours to study the League of Notions.

China objects to taking her queue from Japan.

If universal prohibition comes, will there be a Boot Leg o' Nations?

They brought the condemned man to the gallows.

"Henry," said the sheriff, "have you anything to say."

"Yes, sah. I'se got a few words to say. I merely wish to state date dis suttingly is goin' to be a lesson to me!"

PERSEVERANCE

Fido tried to bite his tail,

He found it hard to reach and bend;

He tried at least two-dozen times

And then at last he gained his end.

PHILISTINES' SIDE OF STORY

"We settled in 'Palestine'—or 'Filistin,' as the Arabs say. Both simply mean the land of philistines. We were a peaceable people; we were tired and didn't want trouble. But these wretched Hebrews, it seems, didn't want us about. We tried to make friends with them, and once in a while we succeeded. But then they would suddenly reproach themselves for having dealt with Philistines. They would thereupon incite each other with loud prayers and hymns to attack us and by and by some usually would, in an underhanded manner. This being pretty exasperating we would get up and push them off of our fields and shoo them away with our spears till they let us alone. Then they complained we were so warlike.

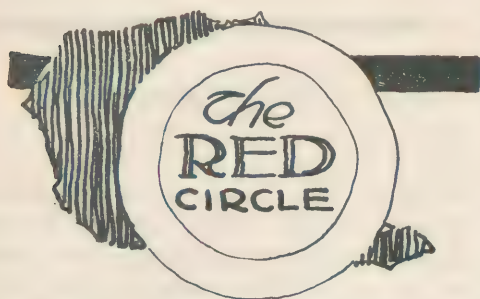
"The only thing they had against us that I ever heard of was Dagon. The idea of our having Dagon as a god seemed to madden them. Well, none of us thought poor old Dagon was such-a-much of a deity, but we'd had him a long time, and we hadn't any other good to worship, and what could we do? Some of us switched and worshipped the god of the Hebrews, hot temper and all, but the rest of us despised those low traitors.

"You go by the Bible, but remember that's a one-sided document. It's a partisan statement. You must see it is distinctly pro-Hebrew. Take an instance: Take Samson. He was that great bulking low-brow who used to come around with a black jack or something, and beat up many of our most respectable citizens. Yet when we had arrested the tough and had him suitably punished, a Hebrew reporter wrote an article showing that he was a martyr. A fine sort of a martyr! I remember he took the gates away from the City of Gaza one time and his people were as delighted as children at this cheap freshman trick.

"Well, those old days are gone, and it's no use telling you any more of them. The point is that we Philistines were all sent to hell in the end; and what for? Just for fighting those Hebrews.

REVISED CALENDAR

Newspapers gave a rather humorous item a few days ago concerning a German saloon-keeper in South St. Louis whose name was August Fritz. He put up a notice on the outside of the front window something like this: "Come in boys and be merry. We soon will have a long drought. The 30th of June will be the last of August."



The most comprehensive booklet ever put out for the information and instruction of returning soldiers and sailors has been sent us from the War Camp Community Headquarters, and is free to every man that has seen, or is in service.

It is the purpose of the W. C. C. S. to see that a copy is put in the hands of every one who is at Oteen. The booklet is entitled, "Where Do We Go From Here," and was edited by Col. Wood, Assistant Secretary of War. It contains 60 pages of fairly small print, is well illustrated, and bound in colored covers. It attempts to answer some of the scores of questions which fill the mind of returned soldiers, about where and when he will be discharged, the bonus, his travel pay, the red chevrons, what he must wear when discharged, War Risk Insurance, vocational training, etc. We are endeavoring to circulate this mighty valuable booklet to all of the men that are at our Broadway establishment, and with an additional consignment of the booklets from Washington, it is hoped to furnish every man at Oteen with a copy. Come in and get your copy. Our number is 16 Broadway.

A PATIENT'S PRAYER

It's don't do this and don't do that,
Whose coat is this? Remove that hat,
From morn till night it's something or other,
Ye gods, don't I wish I were home with mother!

We make our beds and sweep and mop,
Darned if I wouldn't rather go over the top;

She's always around to fuss and bother,
Ye gods, don't I wish I were home with mother!

We suffer dressings without complaint,
Though it hurts like the devil, and we feel faint;

It's not a case of one, but boys altogether,
Ye gods, don't I wish I were home with mother. —*The Ou La La Journal.*

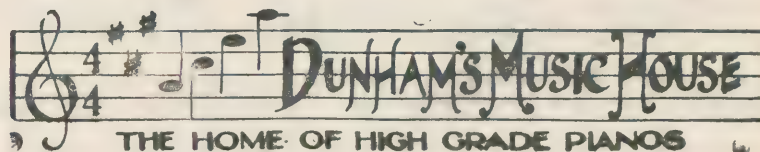
First soldier (in restaurant)—"How are your eggs, Bill?"

Second Soldier—I'll match you to see who goes back for the gas masks.'

DRINK

Coca-Cola

EVERY BOTTLE
STERILIZED



CHOP SUEY

CHOP SUEY

AT THE CHINESE AND AMERICAN RESTAURANT AND
ORIENTAL ROOF GARDEN LOCATED AT 8 N. PACK SQ.

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FOLKS SAY WE HAVE THE BEST COOK IN TOWN. PERHAPS SHE
ISN'T THE BEST, BUT WE KNOW SHE IS ONE OF THE
BEST FROM THE WAY FOLKS ENJOY OUR
MEALS. PRICES WITHIN REASON.

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LIEUT. HENRY MORGAN PATTON

When "Taps" sounded over the grave of Lieut. Henry Morgan Patton in the Greenland cemetery in Newport News, Va., on the 5th of July, 1919, it marked the final respects of the world to the body that had been the dwelling place of a soul courageous and a spirit indomitable.

To those of us at Oteen who knew Lieut. Patton during the few days he was here before his death, he has left an inspiring memory of one of the bravest fights against overwhelming odds, of which we have any knowledge.

Facing the enemy—death—in a battle for his life, Lieut. Patton knew that the odds were against him. But his spirit and his faith never faltered; always cheerful, always thoughtful of the other fellow, always solicitous of the comfort of his mother—who was in constant attendance at his bedside—never losing his grip, Lieut. Patton went to his final capitulation a true soldier in every sense of the word. One who shall be remembered as a patient, a real American, and a *man*.

"It is "Taps" now, but some time there shall be sounded the Great Reville, after which "Taps" shall be no more."

Lieut. C. E. Gurd.

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JOURNALISM

It is a known fact that many soldiers are seeking professions and trades far different than their pre-war vocations. We wonder how many of these men have considered the possibilities of Journalism. Naturally, there are certain requirements necessary for success, namely, one must have little brains and big nerve.

Editing is one of the simplest forms, but on account of the "union" it is difficult to get an editor to admit the truth of this. But confidentially speaking, here are the facts. Reporters gather the news, advertising men get the ads, artists draw the pictures and do editors put these together? No! That is some one else's job. Nevertheless, should it so befall you that you are running a one-man affair, nothing could be simpler. Remember that there is nothing new under the sun, so if you hand out the old stuff dressed up with a fresh frill, they are bound to fall for it.

A daily newspaper is gotten up with ease and plenty of headlines and ads. The world is so very large that you are always able to find news, even though the local crime wave is at a low ebb.

You need not fear about the money end of the game. We haven't written much but encountered no difficulties in having it printed, and it must have been pretty bad if we are ready to admit it, but up-to-date we have received few bills from publishers. This proves that they are philanthropists. We shall now endeavor to prove our contentions.

U. S. General Hospital No. 19
buy most of its eggs from

The
**Western Produce
Company**

Doesn't this speak well for
Western Produce quality?

Ask your grocer for Western
Produce Eggs.

U. S. ARMY HOSPITAL No. 12
AND
U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19
USE

"CAROLINA SPECIAL"

Superior Milk Products



**CAROLINA
CREAMERY
COMPANY**

*Why Not Bring That Watch in Now and Have It
Repaired and Adjusted?*

FINE REPAIRING OUR SPECIALTY

J. E. CARPENTER

16 NORTH PACK SQUARE

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*Are you getting a furlough soon? Or, maybe
your discharge?*

If so you need a Suitcase. Our line of inexpensive light-weight summer Suitcases and Bags is more complete and varied than ever.

Japanese Matting and Cane Suitcases, from	-----	\$1.25 to \$8.50
Brown Hard Fibre Suitcases, specially priced	-----	\$2.75 to \$7.50
Real leather from	-----	\$8.75 to \$35.00

Bon Marche

OPPORTUNITY FOR SOLDIER PRINTER

A small, well equipped print shop, now operating, can be purchased at favorable price. Owner has not time to give to it and other business. Splendid opportunity to make some money and build a good paying business.

—SEE H. TAYLOR ROGERS AT—

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ROGERS' PRINTSHOP DOES SMALL JOBS IN A BIG WAY—TRY US

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Cars Leave Asheville Every Hour on the Hour

from 9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. except 2:00 p.m. Also at 6:30 a.m., 6:30 p.m., 8:00 and 10:00 p.m. On Sundays at 9:00, 10:30 and 11:00 a.m. 1:00 p.m. and every hour until 6:00 p.m. 8:00 and 10:00 p.m.

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SMITH'S DRUG STORE

"ON THE SQUARE"

HOSPITAL SUPPLIES, RUBBER GOODS, SPECIAL TRUSS-FITTING
DEPARTMENT. EXPERT IN CHARGE.

THE BUSY CORNER

PHONES: PRESCRIPTIONS 116, SUNDRIES 117, YOURS 117

22 WARS STILL WAGE AS PEACE IS SIGNED

- 1—Jugo-Slavs against Italians.
- 2—Allies against Hungarians.
- 3—Austrians against Jugo-Slavs.
- 4—Germans against Letts.
- 5—Poles against Czecho-Slovaks.
- 6—Poles against Ukrainians.
- 7—Poles against Ruthenians.
- 8—Poles against Germans.
- 9—Poles against Bolsheviks.
- 10—Poles against Lithunians.
- 11—Finns against Bolsheviks.
- 12—Allies against Bolsheviks.
- 13—Bolchak against Bolsheviks.
- 14—Japanese against Koreans.
- 15—Afghans against British.
- 16—Egyptians against British.
- 17—Greeks against Turks.
- 18—Rumanians against Bolsheviks.
- 19—Bulgar Reds against Bulgar Royalists.
- 20—Letts against Bolsheviks.
- 21—Estonians against Bolsheviks.
- 22—Villa against Carranza.

WELL TAKEN BEFORE SHAKIN'

Tramp—Beggin' yer pardon, mum, but I've done me bit fer the country. Larst year I took over five 'undred German prisoners meself.

Lady—Oh! Then you have been a soldier?

Tramp—N'not exactly, mum—I were a photographer. —*Boston Transcript.*

A New Portrait

Of You Would Please
Them at Home.



Make the Appointment Today

The Pelton Studio

Next to Princess Theatre

OVERHEARD IN THE LOBBY

Civilian—"Which do you prefer, a financier or a fiancé?"

Nurse—"A combination of the two!"

FRANCO-AMERICAN

A French soldier, who came proudly up to an American in a certain headquarters town the other day asked:

"You spik French?"

"Nope," answered the American, "not yet."

The Frenchman smiled compactly. "Aye spik Engleesh," he said, looking about for some means to show his prowess in the foreign tongue. At that moment a French girl, very neat and trim, came along. The Frenchman jerked his head toward her, looked knowingly at the American and said triumphantly: "Chicken!"

"Shake!" said the Yankee, extending his hand. "You don't speak English; you speak American." —Ex.

A BUCK'S PRAYER

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray thee Lord my gun to keep.
Let no other soldier take
My socks, and shoes before I wake.
Lord please grant me with my slumber
To keep this cot upon its lumber
May no peg or guy rope break
And let my tent down before I wake.
Keep me safely in thy sight.
Grant no fire drills at night.
And in the morning let me wake
Breathing scent of sirloin steak.
God protect me in my dreams
And make it better than it seems
Grant the time will swiftly fly
When I myself shall rest on high.
Deliver me from work and drills
And when I'm sick don't feed me pills.
If I should hurt this head of mine
Don't paint it up with iodine.
Take me back into the land
Where they walk without a band,
Where no thrilling bugle blows
And where the women wash the clothes
In a cozy feather bed
Where I long to lay my head
Far away from company scenes
And the smell of half-baked beans.
God, thou knowest all my woes
Heed me in my dying throes
Take me back—I promise then
Never to enlist again.

THE TOWN LISTENS WHEN WE TALK SHOES!

100 cases of Pumps and Oxfords picked up by our buyer for the past four weeks in the Eastern Shoe Centers. Tables and Racks of the world's best Shoes at less than today's wholesale prices.

Our reputation for giving you the unusual bargains in high class footwear has never been questioned.

Standard makes of the highest class, such as: Kneeland, Lindner, Boyd-Welsh, Grover's, Dunlap's, Moore-Schafer and others equally as good makes as above. *Come Every Day This Week—Every Day a Bargain Day.*

600 pairs Patent, Gun Metal, Kid and Tan Pumps and Oxfords, Louis and military heels. These Shoes sold from \$5.00 to \$10.00 per pair, and are this season's latest styles. Clean-up Sale, \$3.99.

500 pairs White Canvas Shoes, Pumps and Oxfords, high and low heels, ivory and leather soles; values up to \$6.50. Clean-up Sale, \$2.99.

White Washable Kid Military Oxfords, with white soles and heel, \$10.00 value. Clean-up Sale, \$4.99.

Genuine White Australian Buck Shoes with military heels, leather and ivory soles, a shoe worth \$12.00. Clean-up Sale, \$6.99.

400 pairs White Canvas Pumps and Oxfords, high and low heels, worth up to \$5.00. Clean-up Sale Price, \$1.87.

Send us your Mail Orders. Your money refunded if not satisfactory.

THE LEADER

ASHEVILLE'S NEW BIG STORE

10-12 PATTON AVENUE

TELEPHONE 1097

Smartly Dressed Young Men

YOU SEE A GOOD MANY OF THEM AROUND HERE; THE BEST DRESSED OF THEM ALL ARE THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN HERE TO BUY OUR WAIST-SEAM

Hart Schaffner & Marx

SUITS; THERE'S NO DOUBT THAT THESE SUITS ARE IN THE LATEST AND BEST STYLE; NO OTHER CLOTHES COMPARE WITH THEM FOR QUALITY AND FASHION.

Anthony Bros
OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND WOMEN

Asheville's Home for Styleplus Clothes

\$25.00, \$30.00, \$35.00 AND \$40.00

DOUGLAS SHOES—\$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 UP TO \$8.00

TRUNKS AND LEATHER GOODS

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DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY

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"SMILEAGE"

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A
BANK ACCOUNT THAT KEEPS A
FELLOW SMILING—AND WE CON-
FESS THAT WE DON'T BLAME HIM.
FOR THERE'S GENUINE JOY IN A
BANK ACCOUNT, OF A SAFETY.

CENTRAL BANK & TRUST COMPANY
SOUTH PACK SQUARE

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Our constant effort is to aid you in your Saving.
Ample resources, an efficient management and State supervision combine to
make our policy both responsible and progressive.
Our superior faculties and strong connections are always at your service.

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CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$2,000,000

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CENTROSA

100 PER CENT PURE PORTO RICAN CIGAR

5c, 10c, 15c, 2 FOR 25c

We believe the good quality of CENTROSAS will be appreciated by you. They
are less injurious, because of their mildness and freedom from combina-
tion filler and artificial flavoring. On sale at your Exchange
and all dealers in town.

BARBEE-CLARK CIGAR & TOB. CO.
D I S T R I B U T O R S

THE OLD OVERSEAS CAP

The war of the Trojans and all the Greek
crew

Was fought for the sake of a fair lady who
Went absent without leave, for weal or for
woe,

And took her permission to Paris to go.

All Greeks grasped steel helmets and trench
knives and tanks

And wheel teams and chariots and fell into
ranks.

Shipping boards gave no trouble with quar-
rels or slips:

The beauty of Helen had launched all the
ships.

All cautioned their sweethearts that since
they must go,

To keep home hearths heated, on flirting go
slow;

For each warrior was off to the battle and
strife

To make the world safe for a good look-
ing wife.

But they'd never have fought if they'd read
Helen's note,

Which just before leaving she hastily wrote:
"Menelaus just entered our once happy
home

With an overseas cap on the top of his
dome!"

—*Fairfax D. Downey, 1st Lt., F. A.*

WEAR RUBBER HEELS

Rubber heels add to the life of your
shoes — keep the continuous jar off
your spine, add to your comfort in
general. Those who walk a great deal
will find rubber heels a real blessing.
Let us attach rubber heels to your
shoes.

**CHAMPION
SHOE HOSPITAL**

6 Government St. L. F. Gooley, Prop.

IN BARRACKS 202

In the Sun Parlor we have a very exceptionally interesting personage. He transfers, semi-annually, by the use of shower, the slight particles of dirt that may accumulate on his noble body. He is very congenial at times but very grouchy from 6.15 A. M. until arising at 10. He has an art gallery but is critical in his selections of the 'Fair.' He is not a somnambulist but in his sleep makes sounds to that of the wildest of the feline specie, which compel his bunkies to get up and out. He uses baseball bats to convince his fellows that his conclusions are eternally correct. Since this Hospital is for TBC's only we suggest that he be transferred to some Neuro-psychopatic resort where he is likely to prove a very formidable problem for scientists to solve. Let us have suggestions as how we may be able to hold in check our Noble Friend.

An officer in the 92nd Division saw one of his men limping painfully as he came down the road and inquired as to the reason.

"Well, suh, I was done kicked by a mu-el."

"Kicked by a mule! why, how did that happen, George?"

"Ah doan know, suh; Ah guess ah done forgot to salute him."

He is a man of many debts,

And he has little cash you'll find,

The only "change" he ever has

Is when you see him change his mind.

THE OTEEN HOSPITAL
BUYS ALL OF ITS
FISH

FROM

The
Asheville Fish
Company

What an Endorsement
for QUALITY this is!



MAMMOTH FURNITURE STORE

Whatever is thoroughly Reliable and Desirable in Home Furnishings can always be found at this *STORE*.

All we ask is an opportunity to show you.

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Spring Stocks Are Ready

You are invited to make selections from carefully selected assortments of the best that we can find—that the *ers* can produce.

SHOP FOR MEN ON THE FIRST FLOOR.
WOMEN'S AND MISS' GOODS, SECOND FLOOR.
BOYS' AND *ATS* DEPARTMENT
THIRD FLOOR.

Full Line of Seasonable Sporting Goods Always in Stock



Served Ice Cold at
Post Exchange

Also on sale at Soda
Fountains, and Soft Drink
Stands in the City.

IDEAL LUNCH

OPEN FOR BUSINESS

ALL KINDS OF SANDWICHES AND LUNCHES
EVERYTHING FIRST CLASS

Cor. College St. and Broadway.

Opposite the Langren.

CRYSTAL CAFE SYSTEM INCORPORATED

ALL OVER ASHEVILLE
AND OPEN ALL THE TIME

YOUR LAUNDRY

ENTRUSTED TO US WILL COME BACK TO YOU FRESH AND
CLEAN—NOT SHRUNKEN OR TORN. WE SPECIALIZE
ON SOLDIERS' LAUNDRY.

ASHEVILLE LAUNDRY

PENLAND STREET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

HOME AGAIN

The same dull town, the same dark street,
The market square where women meet.
The same old church where people pray
And worship in the same old way.
The same—O, God—it cannot be
The same again to men like me.
Through mists of blood I've seen the skies,
While anguish gleamed from human eyes—
And scorched within the fires of hell,
Have gazed on deeds no tongue can tell;
Heaven's highest peaks, too, have I trod
And seen, in man, the face of God—
And all the time, walk in the street
The ghosts of those I used to meet—
The same? Ah, no. 'Twill never be
The same again to men like me.

—E. H. Shillito in *Literary Digest*.

GUESS WE COULD

Edith Wharton, in Paris, told this war story:

"The American wounded were being brought in from the Marne battle," she said, "and a fussy American woman in a khaki uniform and Sam Browne belt knelt over a stretcher and said:

"Is this case an officer or only a man?"

"The brawny corporal who stood beside the stretcher gave him a grim laugh and said:

"Well, lady, he ain't no officer, but he's been hit twice in the inards, both legs busted, he's got bullets in both arms and we dropped him three times without his lettin' out a squeak, so I guess ye can call him a man."

Garcia Grande CIGARS

A mild Havanna for men of discriminating taste, is now on sale at

The Post Exchange

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THE ONLY NATIONAL BANK IN ASHEVILLE

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AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

Cor. Church St. and Patton Ave.

Asheville, N. C.

WE are handling a good many of the Soldiers'
Accounts, and we will Welcome
Your Business.



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EDWIN L. RAY, *President*
JNO. A. CAMPBELL, *Cashier*
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Opposite Postoffice

Asheville, N. C.

ATTENTION, OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN!

*Everything on Hand for Hot Weather
Comfort in Uniforms. Everything
for the Army Man.*

Khaki Uniforms

Hats

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Hat Cords

Gaberdine Uniforms

Serge Uniforms

White Dress Uniforms

Summer Shirts

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Caps

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MEN'S QUALITY SHOP

OPP. STRAND
THEATRE

PHONE 914

The MILITARY STORE of ASHEVILLE



A great number of Soldiers at Oteen and Kenilworth have accounts at this Bank. Indeed, the number is so noticeable that it entitles this Bank to be known as "THE SOLDIERS' BANK."

Savings Accounts pay 4 per cent. interest, compounded quarterly. Open one today and you will have a tidy and handy sum to take home with you when you are discharged.

\$1.00 Opens an Account.

THE BATTERY PARK BANK

Member Federal Reserve System

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NORTH CAROLINA